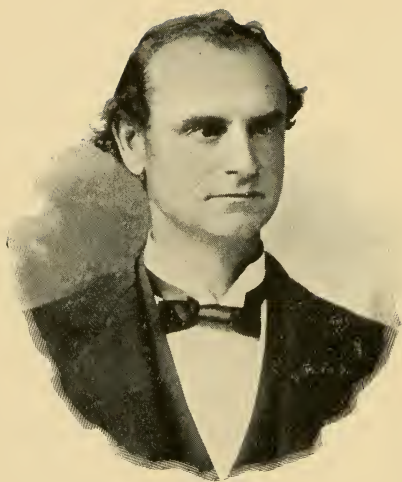


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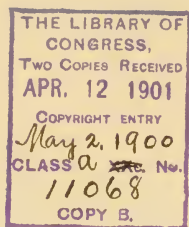
A BOOKLET
OF
SOCIAL POEMS

BY
JOHN H. HIRT

'O fortunate child! unto thee
Thy cradle is infinite space;
Become thou a man, then will be
The whole world a very small place."

Schiller.

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RIVERSIDE PARK

PREFATORY NOTE

In youth the author was imbued with the sublime conception that he would sooner be a Tennyson or a Longfellow than president of the United States.

Kind friends, however, made many persuasive efforts to induce him to give up that "fool-notion"; not that they thought his chances to become president of our republic were good, but that most of our poets have lived on the brink of starvation. But careful observation has convinced him that an equal percentage of those following other pursuits have fared, and still fare, no better; therefore he now makes a penitential return to his first love—the Muse.

Owing to being confronted by the "small beginning" proposition, explanatory notes, prepared to accompany these poems, are omitted.

*A book-worm course
Has been the source
Whence, fountain-like, these thoughts arose;
Like multitude
Of springs exude,
From brooklets, each to other flows
O'er fan-like territory,
Becoming tributary
Unto a mighty river which
To ocean bears its treasures rich,*

*E'en such our hopes
Of figures, tropes,
And all that serves this little make-up;
That their at length
United strength
Finds them at rosy dawning wake up,
Defying critics ever,
Abreast some giant river,
That flows into the mighty ocean
Of poems safe from oblivion.*

SOCIAL POEMS

THE POET

(WITH INVOCATION)

Full many a poet's born to bloom,
But like the flower that bloomed
In desert waste unseen,
Are his first efforts e'en
'Mongst barren brains foredoomed;
Or oft' such scanty glean
His toils reward, that in the gloom
His early muse's entombed.

The thought suggested charity—
 (O pen! you are too slow;
 Like zigzag lightnings flash
 Our tideling thoughts, and dash
 At random to and fro
 As quick as sudden crash
Can split in halves eternity
 With awful shiv'ring glow.)

Return, suggested charity,
 Before we change the thought
 Again, our rolic rhyme
 To meet its frolic time;
 Perhaps a strayling caught
 May add a rhythmic chime,
Till we—if you will render me
 Your aid, will find well fraught

Hereafter worthy charity

On worthy bard bestowed:

Though fame may be the need

Alleviating need

That paves the thorn-path road

He treads in reckless heed,

He well prepays the moiety

Thereof on him bestowed.

Tho' many a mind beams genial rays

Of charity untried,

The poet's high desire

Expands a living fire

Of sunrise glorified;

And sun-like rising higher,

Till with a single scroll of lays

The world's electrified.

Hail, Muses, heed our invocation;
If you should guide upon
Our well-meant scroll of lays
Some happy, sanguine rays
Hurled from the parent sun—
Arrested in their plays
Of pell-mell dancing through creation,
Our gratitude is won.

E'en here, out in this far north-west,
An earnest pioneer,
Which some one needs must be
Without apology,
Ere 'nother can appear,
Who likewise longs to be
Historic rhyme-recording guest
Upon our vast frontier.

Hail, Muses, all you ancient nine!

One more for every State
In union wedded, we,
To this society,
Herewith initiate—
Young sisters tho' they be,
They're lacking naught of the divine—
In freedom up to date.

Montana, Muse of Freedom, hail!

Upon your mountain peaks
The goddess has her throne—
If blizzards howl and moan
Their mad tyrannic freaks
Our mild chinooks atone;
While sprites of living Tells empale
A freedom nature speaks.

Hail, Muses, who the fancy teach,
And truancy you chide!
Hail, guardian angels of
The poets whom you love,
Whose mystic pen you guide,
And ard'rous zeal approve!
No raving critics we beseech,
Their good intents belied.

Let sober as a judge be these,
Or's judges ought to be,
Lest authors tremble as
The vagrant, ruffian class
Their fate impatiently
Awaiting. What poet has,
Howe'er he errs not, or may please,
Infallibility?

But we will bid a welcome to
The friendly hand that may
Point to some likely error
That herein may appear, or,
Although our first word-play
May faulty efforts mirror,
Can point to sanguine plaudits due,
When comes our judgment day.



FALLS OF THE MISSOURI

Clarke and Lewis came exploring
On the bosom of Missouri;
Lewis first came to the roaring
Of the falls of the Missouri.

Came the fearless great explorer,
Saw the grandeur of the falls,
Awestruck heard the mighty roarer,
Hemmed by massive canyon walls.

Long he sat amazed and wondered
'Fore those sandstone strata walls,
Where Missouri down a hundred
Perpendicular feet falls.

When amazement had subsided
O'er the water's magic fury,
Soon upon a name decided—
The Great Falls of the Missouri.

All night long he lay before it,
By its rushing lulled to sleep;
On the morrow to explore it
Farther climbed the rugged steep.

O th' inspiring scene before him
When he reached the height of land!
Scenic grandeur to allure him,
Far as eye-sight could extend.

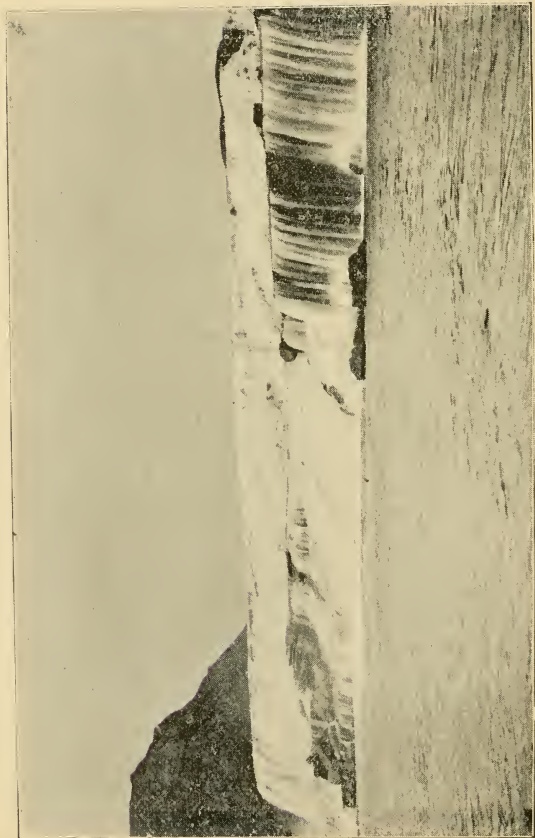
On with eager strides ascending,
Passed by steps the water made
In successive leaps descending,
Falls, and rapids, and cascade—

Till he came where fall these charming
Waters o'er irreg'lar walls,
Horse-shoe semicircle forming—
This he named the Crooked Falls.

While he thus his eyes regaling,
On what seemed more like a dream,
Louder roar his ears assailing
Thundered down the magic stream:

Thither hast'ning to behold,
As if art had hewed the walls
Cross the channeled river-mould
Over which the water falls

Fifty feet, like silv'ry spar,
Down these perfect massive walls,
Straight and perpendicular—
Rightly named the Rainbow Falls.



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI

Here the sunlight's golden rays
Lose themselves in rainbow hues,
As they mingle with the sprays
Rising in majestic views.

Near above the stream more humble,
'Tween the disappearing walls,
Takes a little twelve-foot tumble,
Which is named the Colter's Falls.

Here a giant fountain issues—
Subterranean river's mouth,
Boiling through the cliff-bank fissures,
Flowing north from mountains south,

Where rise many brooklets that a
Short flow take adown the plain,
Then 'neath northward dipping strata
Sinking, here an outlet gain.

Eagerly and curious, further

On his dream-like course pursued,
Till he came unto another

Falls of mighty magnitude.

Forty feet of rugged tumbling,

As if turned from placid gladness,
Irritated by the jumbling

Into wild and frenzied madness.

Louder from an isle beneath it,

Than the roaring of the falls,
Screamed uprising eagle, greeted
Him, hence named Black Eagle Falls.

Here the Indians told a legend,

That for ages that same eagle
Built its nest upon this island—
Sacred bird, thy home was legal!

Not another scenic view is
To be seen on the Missouri
As here greeted Clarke and Lewis
With both placidness and fury.

In the distance rise the mountains
Tow'ring high above the plains,
From eternal snows and fountains,
There Missouri source obtains.

And they often heard a thunder
As of firing of a cannon;
Of this mystic mountain wonder
A solution give us can none,

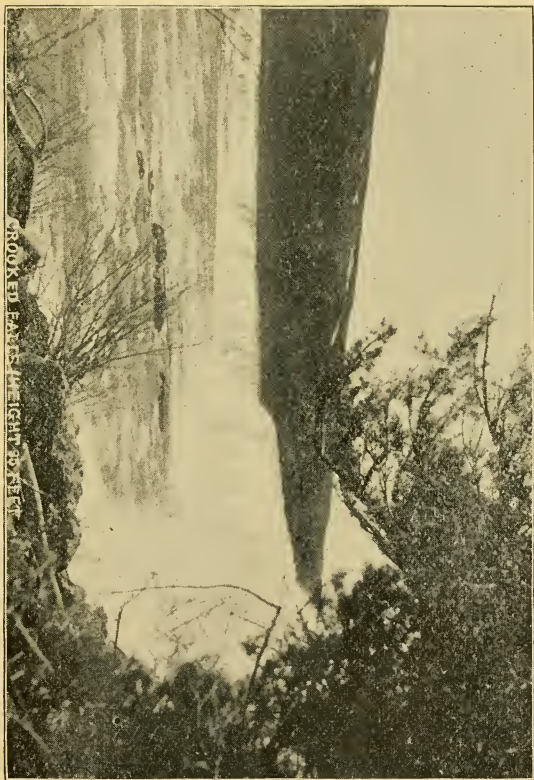
Save the Indians who forever
Solve phenom'nal nature's laws,
With some more mysterious, ever
Ready legend give the cause—

O'er and o'er their story told,
That deep in the rock-ribbed mountains
Were exploding mines of gold
Which forth issues from the fountains.

Flowers beautifully blowing
On the rolling plains they met;
Often hard the wind was blowing—
(Hark! I hear it blowing yet.)

Oft' they weathered rain and snows,
Trod on thorns of prickly pears,
Hunted deers and buffaloes,
And fought rattlesnakes and bears.

Great and grand is the Missouri,
Crystal clear its waters are
Here, but afterwards made muddy
By dissolving mauvaises terres.



CROOKED EAVES HEIGHT 30 FEET

Many, many'll come adoring
As the first explorers did,
Hear the same unending roaring
That these first adorers did,
Till the sciences will tarnish
All that prestine beauty found,
But a famous city garnish
All our prairie lands around.



CUSTER MASSACRE

Foothills and plains are nigh
Where these dead heroes lie;
Heroes that Custer led—
Heroes that fought and bled,
Ruthlessly slain.

Madly our nation grieved
When we the news received
Of the rude massacre—
How these brave soldiers were
Slain on the plain.

Two hundred and sixty-two
Of gallant Custer's crew,
Followed their leader home—
Followed him to their doom,

Down to their graves.
Not one was missing there;
Not one found wounded there;
All dead—all massacred—
Saddest that e'er occurred
Unto our braves.

Demons surrounded them;
Stampede confounded them;
War-whoops and hellish yells
Sounded death's awful knells
In mad despair.

Not one for safety seeks—
Crackling midst groans and shrieks,
Rifles and pistols were
Belching forth everywhere
Hell's fiery glare.

Then every soldier knew
Ignoble death was due,
Facing that savage throng,
Fully five thousand strong,
Of Sitting Bull.
Records insensible
Is all there's left to tell
How the Seventh Cavalry
Charged the fierce savagery
Of Sitting Bull.

Marble slab marks the ground
Where each hacked corpse was found;
Low the wind sings for them
Its saddest requiem
 Over their graves.
Gallant Seventh Cavalry!
Models of bravery!
To them we'll point with pride;
Sadly our thoughts abide
 With Custer's braves.



ISAAC HADEN'S CHARGE

Haden, Alabama's brave young hunter,
Reared and kept a famous pack of hounds,
Roving where not yet the chains of Gunter
Had traversed those rich alluvial grounds;
Many wild young plants around him growing,
Year by year, nor ceased continual blowing,
Sowed and raised in nature's paradise,
'Neath those warm and brilliant sunny skies.

Early as the birds awoke the morning,
Singing their adieu unto the night,
As the firefly's lantern ceased its burning,
Giving way unto a greater light;
And ere sunbeams 'gan on dewdrops feeding,
Mounted he his steed of noble breeding,
Mating well the one Adonis rode
When by wily Venus he was wooed.

But a signal soon he gave that morning,
Prancing, dancing, stop, upprick his ears,
Scent the air—twas an unfailing warning
To his rider, one who ne'er knew fears.
“Ah! some fiendish Creeks are here abounding;”
This he said, then gave his horn a sounding;
Sixty savage hounds obeyed the blast,
Each would fight unto the very last.

No response the solemn air was bringing,
Save the loud, long echo of his horn
Through the solitary forest ringing,
Fainter growing till it reached its bourn.
An impulsive boding coming o'er him,
Ling'ring as a guiding-star before him,
Set towards Fort Sinquefield his brigade,
As if there might be needed his aid.

Many sparkling dewdrops brightly smiling,
Gazed into our hero's anxious face,
Often e'en his rambling thoughts beguiling
Into musings of what might take place
Ere the sun, soon cross the zenith flying,
Safe within his western bed be lying—
Or the second twilight of that day
Courtingly'd embrace a nodding ray.

Scattered round on every side were flowers,
Long, tall grass, huge, overhanging trees,
Forming many cool, inviting bowers
For the birds, and insects, and wild bees;
While such game as from their lairs upstarting,
Unmolested could take safer parting,
Since our hero deemed it best this day
Silently to take his unsafe way.

Almost perpendicularly were the
Sun's hot rays descending upon one
Whose rememb'rance, and whose name are worthy
Honor for the daring deed he's done;
When he, soon with monsters to be dealing,
Unobserved upon the fort came stealing,
When— ah me! ah mortals, what a sight!
Sudden horror pierced his manly sprite!

To give burial unto fallen comrades,
At some little distance from the fort,
Not believing that near by were some reds,
Rude barbarians of a war-like sort,
Ambuscaded within range of shooting,
Came the people, so their caution soothing,
That no watch was set to give alarms,
No gates closed, nor took with them their arms.

Francis' warriors from the grass upspringing,
Thirsting for a bath in human gore,
Sent so loud a savage war-cry ringing
As these settlers never heard before;
Burning with high hopes to gain possession
Of the gates, then fall on the procession,
Who unarmed, and in an open field,
Unto ruthless slaughter soon must yield.

But the people of this stockade fortress
Quickly this intended plan foresaw;
Then at breakneck speed, they ran a footrace
With these savages, all crude and raw
Unto modern arts to war pertaining—
Now the men at first the entrance gaining,
Shut the gates—but O! what did they do?
Saw their wives and children shut out too!

Haden, with cool head, and dauntless courage,
At this moment coming to the fort,
While the Indians o'er their helpless forage,
Gloried in the hopes of carnage sport,
Cried unto his dogs, and charged before them
Through their thickest ranks, e'en riding o'er them;
Savagely each hound his victim tore,
Strewing fast the ground with corpses o'er.

Suddenly this unforeseen intrusion,
Charging fiercely at terrific rate;
Threw the Indians into such confusion,
That the people safely reached the gate;
But our hero—look! behold him charging!
Wide a gap right through their ranks enlarging—
He, to whom is due a world of thanks,
Forced his way e'en through their thickest ranks.

They, now foiled in every purpose,
Quick recovering from their sudden fright,
Turned with vengeful fury, and new purpose,
Their whole force upon this fearful knight—
Closed their ranks to cut off his retreating—
Death now sent before his awful greeting;
Bravely would he die for a good cause,
Bravely die, but gain a world's applause.

Smaller, as he hast'ly marshaled round him
His remaining hounds, grew hopes for life,
For the savages 'gan to surround him,
Firmer their intent on deadly strife;
Hotter now their vengeful ire is burning—
Drawing's pistols, one per hand, then turning,
Dashed the spurs into his horse's flanks,
And replunged into the firing ranks.

Scarcely through the savage ranks rebroken,
Stormed and shot at fiercely from each side—
As a ray of hope had just awoken,
Reeled and fell his gallant steed and died:
Yet afoot, a final effort trying,
Safely he into the fort came flying;
But his noble steed, his famous hounds,
Side by side dead Indians decked the grounds.

UNKNOWN.

Some penance do this side the hearse,
But some, 'tis said, beyond;
Some lives are sorrow-laden here
Ere snaps life's youthful bond,
Submerging buoyant heart in tears
Which cast around the soul of love
Dark shades that nature seems to make
Vague object lessons of.

One pitch-dark night a young man came,
Whom business belated,
Just merging from the outskirts of
A town somewhat ill-fated,
Where robbers of the highway class
The neighborhood infested,
There oft relieved the travelers
Of what they were invested.

Below the low-hung clouds he tripped,
Oft groping for his way,
When faintly as if distant heard
A moan—where from? which way?
Anon again—but louder heard,
Distinguishing a word.
How odd it seemed—that one word “——,”
The sound and sense absurd.

Though he had courage, yet mistrust
Suspicion raised—the place
By thieves was haunted—from that word
He could no meaning trace;
’Twas mystery, that omnious “——,”
Intended to allure.
His home he found—not sleep; his mind
That sound re-echoed o’er.

“One more unfortunate,” next morn
The dailies heralded;
Out near the suburbs of the town
A woman was found dead.
From whence she came, where she would go,
Or how she died—none knew;
That mystic word which he had heard
The only living clue

Enfathomed deep in mystery's
Abyss. But merciful
Was death that left a peaceful calm
As symbol of her soul.
'Mongst the unknown was burried she
By stingy charity,
Unmourned; not e'en a slab upon
Her lonely grave to see.

But racing, chasing, restless years
Oft mysteries unraveled;
His home to him was home no more,
Soon westward he had traveled,
Where unions and societies
The mountaineers united
Into fraternal fellowship,
Or secret rites benighted.

Soon into Woodcraft's Circle he
Was being initiated,
When all its solemn mysteries
Were unto him related—
“Our warning sign's made thus—and this—
Our danger signal is;
At night, or if unseen, when in
Distress, our cry is ‘——’ ”—

“O God !I heard that cry before,”
The young man said and staggered,
“I did not know its meaning then
And therefore proved a laggard.”
The story's told; if reader you
Stand at some strange grave e'er,
Pause, ponder, for perhaps it is
A Neighbor resting there.

CHINOOK

Warm as from ocean bath,
Taking thy mountain-path—
Onward like ocean's tide
Comst thou, Montana's pride;

Hail thee, Chinook.

Over high craig and peak,
Bounding with mystic freak—
O'er the round buttes you sweep,
Down through the canyons deep—

Hail thee, Chinook.

Chilly and snapping rare,
Till comes thy balmy air,
Then the shy antelopes,
High on their mountain-slopes

Hail thee, Chinook.

While the sun's rays delay,
Dost thou oft melt away,
Ice, frost and snow away,
All in a night or day—

Hail thee, Chinook.

Everywhere comest thou;
Every nook soundest thou;
Where the cured grass yet stands
Feeding the shepherd's bands,

Horses and cattle.

Mountains can stay thee not;
Blizzards delay thee not;
Over our arid lands,
Over our prairie-lands,
 Won is thy battle.

Wrapped in frigidity
Would our whole winter be,
If thou didst not appear
Checking his fierce career—
 Hail thee, Chinook.
Bringst Indian-summers clear,
Warming mid-winter here,
Making savanna-lands
Of our Montana-lands—
 Hail thee, Chinook.

Here the wild buffalo
With his fierce eyes aglow,
Was by the Indian chased
O'er the wide range embraced

By thee, Chinook.

Soon they will chase no more
Mountain and prairie o'er,
But you will come the same;
Hail to thy Indian name—

Hail thee, Chinook.



FLORAL SEARCH.

Multitudes went picking flowers;
Authors with inventive genius,
Some clad in the robes of Junius,
Incognito's secret powers;

Statesmen wrapped in oratory;
Ministers who lull to sleep us
Into dust that hence will keep us;
Jurists grown with wisdom hoary;

Novelists from all life's stations;
Lawyers learned from Hoyle to Story,
Dodging truth, inventing story;
Editors who sway the nations;

Doctors, artists, soldiers marching—
Great philosophers and sages
Schooled in lore of mystic ages;
Tutors, pupils—all went searching
Over hills and valleys mellish,
Fens, fields, mountains, meadows, moorlands,
Ocean, heaven, for the garlands,
Their life-efforts to embellish—
But alas! they found before them
Went the poet's floral reaper;
Of the choicest he was keeper;
He, the first one to adore them,
Sowed his floral seeds at morning
Of our languages, and nourished
Them till they in grandeur flourished,
Learning's fruitful fields adorning.

Then the search was given over;
Now 'tis but to take or borrow;
In our joys, or in our sorrow,
With his floral wreaths we cover
Infants in their cradled morning,
Youths all vigorous and active,
Riper age just returned retractive,
And the dust to dust returning.



TENNYSON.

Tennyson our poet's blest
With death's angel's last request,
With a longed-for quiet rest—
England's Poet Laureate.

On life's stage his noble heart
Lives where he has played a part
Dear to every human heart—
England's Poet Laureate.

Holy thoughts to us he's given,
Sweetened with a peaceful leaven,
Till they reach from earth to heaven;
England's Poet Laureate.

Master of our English verse,
Owner of the lyric purse,
With his thoughts we still converse;
 England's Poet Laureate.

Monarch of his vast survey,
Framer of the golden lay,
Peacefully he passed away—
 England's Poet Laureate.

His a heart of tenderness,
His a thought of peacefulness,
His a life the world shall bless—
 England's Poet Laureate.

November, 1892.



WHITTIER.

Whittier our poet's dead,
Are the news the light'nings sped,
Are the sad news to be read
Of our Quaker Poet.

Poet grand, sublime, sedate,
Pillar of poetic state,
Freedom's soldier true and great,
Was our Quaker Poet.

Born to slavery abhor,
Cradled in a freeman's car,
Nurtured in a freedom's war,
Was our Quaker Poet.

Ere came Lincoln's call for men,
Out upon the field e'en then,
Flashed the mighty soldier pen
Of our Quaker Poet.

Foremost in the fierce turmoil,
On the shrine of freedom's soil,
Such a life of honest toil
Lived our Quaker Poet.

In his noble thoughts we trace
What must lasting peace embrace,
Peaceful is the resting place
Of our Quaker Poet.

November, 1892.



EGO.

Strange to say, a custom's risen,
Writing one's own epitaph;
Egotism, which crowds the season,
Longs to see some worthless chaff
Blown about the puffed-up head
Ere the lump of flesh is dead.

Time's remorseless vandalism
Levels down all works of art,
Nature's stern materialism
Playing its indifferent part,
All euphoneously known
By one word—oblivion.

Futile is our cynic searching
Here for immortality;
All that was is dead or lurching
Dim in vast eternity—
This, however, "Earth to Earth,"
Is most truthful of this Hirt.



SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

Did Jefferson inaugurate
That there should be no progress made
In true democracy?
Did Jackson at a later date,
Who more upon the structure laid
Of true democracy,
Ordain that nothing be augmented
To what they nobly represented?

As well proclaim that liberty
 Enjoyed a thousand years ago
 Is good enough today;
And that in knowledge we should be
 Brought back to that benighted woe,
 When not a sanguine ray
Could penetrate those sad, dark ages
That e'er becloud historic pages.

Who stands while all else moves along,
 Needs not retrace his steps to be
 'Mongst those who retrograde;
E'en so a powerful party throng
 Must ever with the foremost be
 To evolve its grade—
Must 'void infallible profession,
The first frail step to retrogression.

To travel in the good old ways
 May some old fogies satisfy
 Whose learning days are o'er;
But when an active mind's eye plays
 Unceasing rays of progress nigh
 That youth e'er ponders o'er,
We seek what happiness enhances,
Whereby true liberty advances.

O Socialism! we hail the day
 On which you're made the happy bride
 Of true democracy,
When we the pow'r of wealth can stay
 That tyrannizes far and wide—
 Mock aristocracy,
Defying strength yet in our hands
To save ourselves, our homes, our lands.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Today a hundred years ago *
George Washington's farewell address
Was given to the wo'ld,
Immortal document, to go
Adown the ages, e'er to bless
Us as its truths unfold—
Such was our patriot's bequest
Before he sought his well-earned rest
In the eternal fold.

* September 19, 1796

O, if each word that it contains
Were deep engraven in each breast
As it was in his own!
All, all were ours that freedom gains,
No foreign foe would show his crest,
Home traitors be unknown;
And all would share the common good
Of one vast social brotherhood
To riper union grown.

Divided we but traitors are
Unto each other, never need
To quit our own to stand
On foreign ground; pollute the air
With discontent, and it will breed
Mistrust, dissensions, and
Thus we at home, the foreigner
Will reap, before we are aware,
The proceeds of our land.

Let union dear to every heart,
No wars abroad, and peace at home,
Remain our dearest prize;
No private gains to rend us 'part,
Nor jealousies to seal our doom
In lawful enterprise—
Through common dangers to success
Was won that freedom we possess,
That seals our sacred ties.

If we uphold the rights of man,
And concentrate such powers
As in our manhood lie,
That sacred name—American,
By birthright or adoption ours,
Can never, never die:
Affections concentration find
Where all are of a common mind,
And bound by common tie.

So baneful is all partyism,
The party tyrant, party slave,
Unto our freedom's cause;
Inviting sectional despotism,
The rich and powerful to brave
Defiantly our laws—
That eagerly did Washington
Admonish us forever shun
Those freedom puncturing flaws.

O read it , true Americans!
Reread, and let your brains digest
That ever sacred warning,
Lest individual wealth unmans
Us, luring into selfish quest
Our liberty's first dawning;
Or prostituted we shall see,
By Mammon's despot tyranny,
Our freedom die aborning.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Cap'tal punishment's a lawful,

Barb'rous relic undecried,

Handed down through darkest ages

When the best and wisest sages

Were on crosses crucified,

Burned, or stoned to death—O awful!

Tho' scarce worse than hanging, shooting,

Or the late electrocuting.

Though a soldier's justified
Killing dang'rous enemies,
Worse were he than beastly cur
If he slew his prisoner;
Worse by far, in times of peace,
To kill captured homicide;
Judges too was giv'n to fill
That command, Thou shalt not kill.

Naught it is but vengeful strife,
When premeditated murder—
Murder in the first degree,
Justifies society
Cooly execute another—
Blood for blood, life for a life,
By a hireling prosecution,
Law directing execution.

Stigma 'pon our Christian lands!

Murd'ring is by law prolonged;
For by cap'tal punishment
Is established precedent

Whereby those who have been wronged,
Taking law in their own hands,
Think themselves quite justified
In committing homicide.

Future ages will look back—

Back to us as we to those
Who burned witches at the stake,
And the heretic to make

Him recant, in martyr woes,
Doctrines living spite of rack—
Tortures for supposed transgression,
Practices of non-progression.

Then let cap'tal punishment
Be repealed, and substitute
Prison-law that safely cares
For such dangerous characters,
In some proper institute—
Be it life-imprisonment,
Till that Judge on yon tribunal
Passes judgment on the crim'nal.



POLICEMAN'S DEFENSE.

As stern a policeman as ever was seen,
Whom time-honored service had stamped with a mien
Of stone-heartedness to the criminal sort,
Was tried for refusing to bring into court
A thief he was sent for and had in his power,
Who had made away with a small sack of flour.

“I’m guilty, your honor—if crime ’tis of mine
I’ll herewith my official service resign:
A merchant, grown rich, who by var’ous devices
Succeeds in extorting exorbitant prices,
Did send me for one I saw begging for work,
While grim visaged hunger within him did lurk:

But labor, trust, aid, were denied him each hour,
Till maddened with hunger skipped off with some flour.
I followed him home, slyly opened the door,
Six half-naked children upon the bare floor—
Their invalid mother whose looks told of woe,
Were mixing the flour and eating the dough.

The father stood by with triumphant, sad air,
While no guilty conscience my presence marked there;
I viewed them in silence, but let them eat on;
By me such imprisoning never was done.
The favored few publicly, lawfully cheat,
And hoard up provisions the many should eat.

They shelve away clothing that was made to wear
Instead of creating the rich millionaire,
Who's worshiping only his mammonite idol,

While millions of true men go hungry and idle.
It would be quite easy the pilf'ers to cure,
If first were convicted those robbing the poor.

No factory wheels would be standing so still,
And fewer the acres for no one to till:
Our country's productive of more than is needed,
Except human laws—these are trampled unheeded;
While rude competition for riches holds sway,
There's no hope in store for a happier day."



THE RED, RED WEST.

Give me no home
'Neath the pale pink dome
Of European skies—
No cot for me
By the salmon sea
That far to the southward lies;
But away out west
I would build my nest
On top of a carmine hill,
Where I can paint
Without restraint
Creation redder still.

—*Eugene Field.*

Correct my 'Gene,
Is your whim, I ween,
Regarding our red west—
Where the lurid hues
Are the sanguine views
Men hold till one cannot rest,
You may paint our head

E'en creation red
Those red still a redder glow
But pass one law,
A good old saw,
And let the white horse go.

—*John W. Conway.*

Correct my 'Gene,
And you too, my John,
For whoever has seen
How the goddess reigns
On our western plains,
Is lured by her charms, I ween;
In our desert air,
E'en in mauvaises terres,
Spell-binds her enam'ring glow;
Then have your say,
Paint, paint away,
White horse and all aglow.

WAITING FOR THE BULLETINS.

An old man paced the streets upon
 With anxious careworn face,
For now the fighting has begun
 With th' Filipino race:
He scans the eager board for bulletins,
 No one disturbs him there,
For yesterday the sad news were
 His son was wounded there.

Chorus—

Oh tell me the news from the Philippines—
 Tell me if my son still lives:
Oh let me read the bulletins—
 Oh tell if he still lives!

A mother tears her streaming hair,
A telegram she read,
That without warning startled her
As if her son were dead;
The consoling words her friends would give
Soothe not her anxious care,
For yesterday the sad news were
Her son was wounded there.

A sister's tears now blind her eyes
While waiting for more news;
And one with secret heartfelt sighs
For information sues—
The old man is bending lower with care,
Whiter are his bleaching hair,
For yesterday the sad news were
His son was wounded there.

POET LIFE.

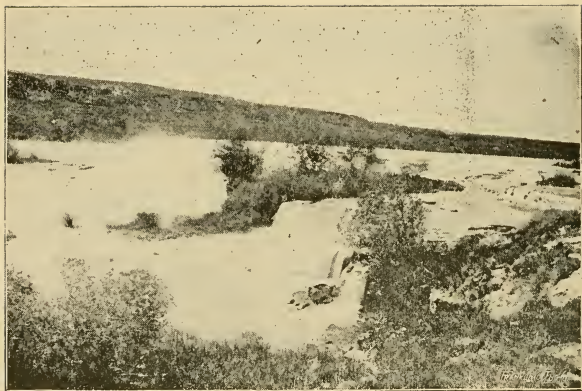
As does a mirror to a maiden give
An image of herself in choice attire,
Portraying beauties of her own desire—
How in the prime of life her fancies live
On beck'ning hopes till she arrives at eve
Of youth, the roses of her cheeks expire
Like echoes of the low vibrating lyre,
And is in self-delusion left to grieve;
E'en so we see a character, a vein
In verse, portraying poet life a toy;
Or see of hope, of love, heart's deep desire,
Of mirth, ambition, bitter dregs remain
When he had sipped his hasty cup of joy
Warmed by his loved congenial Muse's fire.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Your body to cremation you decreed;
Each atom thus to gaseous state returned,
Except the treasured ashes now inurned,
Shall be absorbed by tree, or flower, or seed—
Thereby new life with new subsistence feed.
That coffined rest a body may have earned
Not needed is if useless parts be burned,
Restoring to the elements their meed.
But where's your spirit that once proved to be
The worshiped idol of'n admiring race?
Our scientific researches appear
Inadequate to solve the mystery—
But pause—it too must have a proper place
In nature's evolutionary sphere.

WEALTH.

'Tis individual ownership of wealth
That opens wide temptation's sinful door;
We murder, steal, then for forgiveness roar,
But in the same breath cry out for more wealth—
Insatiate curse-cry echoing "more wealth!"
Into temptation lead us not, implore
We of the Deity, at heart adore
The greatest tempter—Golden Calf. For wealth,
Through willful negligence, inhuman greed,
Each of his fellowman a murd'rer is.
If nations owned our vast utilities,
Distributing the same to those in need,
We all could live in real Utopian bliss,
Free from wealth-slaverys, toil-miseries.



BLACK EAGLE FALLS BEFORE IMPROVEMENT.
See Page 20.

CHARLES FLOYD, U. S. A.

For years was sought the grave of Sergeant Floyd.
Which nigh a century ago was made
By his companions, and last tribute paid,
Upon a bluff that skirts Missouri's side
In Iowa; oblivion to 'void,
A cedar post was set where he was laid,
With name and date inscribed to aid
Its being after found—identified.
But e'en this land-mark was by time erased—
The search prolonged, ere it was found
Where Lewis and Clarke's exploring party laid him;
Let o'er the spot a monument be placed,
Where his untimely death made him renowned;
There honors due a soldier e'er be paid him.

SOCIALISM.

Reformers have for ages striven for true,
Untrammeled socialism, whose sun with might
Now broadcasts 'pon our age a dawning light
Wherewith the selfish gropers to imbue—
Come Socialism, uprear your banner to
The breeze; the stars and stripes are yours by right
'Neath which we have been rocked in dim twilight
A century—you childlike merge to view.
Not always are they fittest who survive—
Each hour sees honest, worthy brains waylaid
By cunning, treach'rous, dastard, tyrant knaves;
Till none in honest livelihood can thrive—
Our competition is the death of trade,
From which but socialism can free us slaves.

JUNIUS LETTERS.

Full many a volume has been given to
The world to prove the authorship of those
Mysterious letters—famed, illustrious,
Wherein no quarter given, for none would sue,
Did satire and sarcasm each fiend subdue—
Quailed conscience found a thorn-bed's keen repose—
From shafts secure did the anonymous
His unrelenting pen-war's course pursue:
But style's the man—which does alone confess,
Though hidd'n behind assumed chirography,
The authorship—style does not well disguise.
These fourteen sonnet lines my claim express—
I point to Goldsmith, and proclaim 'twas he
Who gave the world that literary prize.

SOLITUDE.

O solitude! why should we strive to part?

Why should we hate each other? or disown

That we have ever met? We are but one—

If twain, our home is centered in one heart.

Sometimes 'tis joy—sometimes old sorrows smart,

Or some remorseful sting for aught not won,

Impinges consciousness of what's not done—

What might have been is lost to every art.

Perhaps some budding petal still retains

Some flow'ry possibilities for summer [bloom

When springtime's tend'rer shootlings cease to

Then let us make the best of what remains

Of sanguine opportunities that come ere

Life's winter drifts white mantles o'er the gloom



THE GIANT SPRINGS.
See Page 19.

HANDCUFFED SKELETON.

How did you die? O handcuffed skeleton!

What band of desperadoes did you man?

Or dev'lish deeds your daring nature plan,

Ere you for years were bleaching in the sun—

Perhaps purgating reckless crimes you've done?

Canst tell when first your wild career began?

How from the sheriff's guard away you ran

Into the mountains, with your handcuffs on?

Perchance a victim to some beast of prey,

Or hunger gnawed your remnant vitals out,

While cumbered with your iron manacle?

Or did you die a penitent and pray

As some of dying culprits tell about?

Your white-bleached bones but silent answers tell.

“REMEMBER THE MAINE”

“Remember the Maine,” we remember the Maine.

Too deeply those words in our bosom are burned
That they should e’er by us be carelessly spurned;
Not even one victory did Hispana gain,
As if to avenge the sad fate of the Maine.

Ah, dearly paid lesson—the Spaniards have learned
To harbor in safety the ship that has turned,
Enticed with peace mission, in port to remain.

“Remember the Maine,” then the signal to fire,
When Commodore Dewey so gallantly won
His marvelous victory over the don.

“Remember the Maine”—how it kindled sad ire!
But news of the ill-fated fleet of Cervera
Awakened compassion—began peaceful era.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude—O bitter cup to drink!

For one who Cuban battles bravely fielded;

To free his neighb'ring fellowmen, hath yielded,

Ere he'd from erstwhile patr'otism shrink,

Position that had been the faithful link

That scanty hand to mouth subsistence wielded;

Though he by hon'able discharge is shielded,

Must tramp the wand'ring refugee's cold brink

Of an inhuman world's ingratitude.

Oft does our patriotic duty pave

One's road to wealth—another's to the grave—

Oh curse of mammon's rude insatiate mood!

How must our innate soldier pride decay

If those who serve receive ungrateful pay!

LOVE LOST.

A poet is inclined to write of love
At risk of being crazy loneling deemed,
With wheels in head, or crank who daytimes dreamed
What pu'rile dignities would disapprove—
Their scoffing houses oft are burning of.
I loved you truly; I'm your dreaming bard;
Our love was sweet, but parting sad and hard.
We all are prone to slide some narrow groove
That Cupid shoots through—longing to be smitten,
As if all courses of true love ran smooth—
Alas! we seldom reckon with the host.
The choicest words that poet pens have written,
Pour but a temporary balm, forsooth,
On hearts that nobly loved, but sadly lost.

GENIUS.

Gift, talent, genius, oft border on

Insanity; their vivid passions gleam

Through every phase from small to great extreme—
As high-strung string may vibrate discord tone,
So talent to insanity is prone:

Great, healthy brains house genius with ease,

Before whose efforts difficulties cease—

By toils persistent meriting their own.

“Heaven in forming us has mixed our life
With reason and insanity.”—Voltaire.

What's sane or insane in this savage strife

We cherish—oft with melancholy air;

While common sense some beaten path pursues,

Does genius the rough untraveled choose.

DOUBT.

To doubt's as natural as to believe;
Credulity and skepticism are two
Organic faculties each true unto
The other if like chances they receive—
Not antipodian, but's scales weight give.
Was doubting Thomas damned who doubtful grew
As with some hearsay evidence we do?
Let proofs as he was given, our doubts relieve
Whene'er inhemmed by contradictories;
Let intuition sway majestic stress
O'er skillful skeptic, stupid credulous,
While search-light reason delves in mysteries
Whereof a thoughtful student may express
His doubts, nor be deemed wicked, scandalous.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

No Augustan aged flower,
Medicean wealth of power,
 Smiled upon the German art.
By renown she ne'er was nourished,
Opened her own petals, flourished
 Ere a royal ray took part.

From the greatest German son,
From the great King Fred'rick's throne
 Went she with unguarded spirit.
Praises may the Germans sing,
And their heart-beats rapture bring;
 They themselves have earned the merit.

Therefore rises higher gleaming,
And their waves have fuller streaming,
 When sings German bard his ode;
In his own vast fullness swelling,
From his great heart's depth upwelling,
 He disdains each pent-up mode.

HOPE.

Men speak and dream of things so many,
Of better days in view,
And for some lucky golden penny
Their hurried path pursue;
The world grows old and young again,
On better days their hopes remain.

Through life hope guides so constantly;
It with the child arrives;
It coaxes youth so magicly,
And at the tomb survives;
Else would man's weary race then end,
Yet even there doth hope extend.

'Tis not an idle vision's cheer,
By foolish brain upborne;
The heart announces loud and clear,
We're something better born.
Whate'er that inner voice may merit,
It ne'er deludes the hoping spirit.

WORTH OF WOMEN.

Oh! honor the women; they weave and entwine
The roses of heaven in life's earthly line,
And thus braid together love's happiest band;
And in the pure veil of graceful desire,
They wakefully nourish the eternal fire
Of beautiful feelings, with angelic hand.

Ever out of truth's domain
Goes the strength of man astray;
Over passion's sea amain
Ride his stormy thoughts away.
Eagerly he grasps afar,
Stillness ne'er his heart imbues;
Restless to remotest star
His dream's picture he pursues.

With looks so enchanting, his heart thus enchain,
Wink women the fugitive to them again,

Thus warning him back in their presence to stay;
Their custom of bashfulness wisely retaining,
True daughters of beautiful nature remaining,
For ne'er from the homes of their mothers they stray.

Ever fiendish is man's strife,
And with crushing force abreast
Storming wildly on through life,
Restless yet no place to rest;
What he builds destroys instead,
Ne'er his warring wishes rest;
Never, as the Hydra's head,
Soon as falls rerears its crest.

But far more contented with stiller renown,
Do women each moment's choice flower pluck down,
And nurse it most kindly with dilligent care;

She's freer than man in her lesser domain,
Far richer than he is where wisdom is gain,
And shines in the poet's unlimited sphere.

Stern and proud himself sufficing
Knows not man's cold icy breast,
Of the warm heart's magnetizing,
Of the nestling heart's fond rest;
Nor the soul's communion feeling,
Nor in tears does he dissolve;
All life's conflicts ever steeling,
Harder in his cold resolve.

But as when so gently by soft zephyrs shaken,
Aeolian harp-strings do quickly awaken,
E'en so the warm spirit of woman replies;
From scenes that are painful is tenderly frightened,
Her bosom uprises, and quickly are brightened,
With heavenly dew-drops her soft pearly eyes.

But in man's self-ruled dominion,
 Might makes right and tyrants brave;
Scythian's sword proves his opinion,
 And the Persian's made a slave.
Wild and raw his feudal choice,
 Revels he in gory fight;
Eris now with savage voice,
 Reigns where Charis took to flight.

But women with tender persuasive appeal,
Sway custom's bright scepter with ardent zeal.
 To quench the wild tumult that rages amain;
And teaching the forces erst hating each other,
With lovelier forms to embrace one another,
 Thus eternal rivals united remain.



SENTENCES OF CONFUSIUS

TIME.

Threefold marches Time on ever;
Ling'ring comes the Future nigh us,
Dart-like flies the Present by us,
And the past stands still forever.

No impatient animating
Hast his steps if he delay.
Curbs not fear nor hesitating,
Him who hurries quick away
No regret, no sacred charm,
Gives the standing one alarm.

Wouldst thou happy be and wise,
And your life's race end likewise,
Counsel with the ling'ring one,
Tools for deeds of him make none;
Ne'er the flying choose as friend,
Nor the staying one as fiend.

SPACE.

Threefold is vast Space extended:

Far away, and ceasing never,
Breadth its stream pours forth unended;

Length strives restless on forever;
Depth still sinking groundless ever.

They're a picture given to you:
Restless strife you must pursue,
And exhausted never be,
If thou wouldst perfection see;
Must in Breadth yourself unfold,
If its vastness wouldst behold;
Into depth deep must you go,
Should existence itself show;
Only those who persevere,
Gain in fullness what is clear,
And in Depth does truth appear.

BRIDE OF CORINTH.

From Athens unto Corinth came
A youth, and hoped though stranger there,
To friendship from a kinsman claim.
Erst festal kins both fathers were,
Who early had proclaimed,
And bride and bridegroom named,
Their son and daughter trothed pair.

But will he find a welcome there,
Or his heart for those favors bleed?
For he and his yet heathens are,
And they baptized in Christian creed.
For when new faiths spring up,
Is love and trust torn up,
As is outrooted loathsome weed.

Now all the house in slumber laid,
Sire and daughter, save the mother wakes;
Received the guest, and welcome bade;
Him straightway to his room she takes;
And brings him food and wine,
Before he seeks to dine:
With kind "good night" her 'parture takes.

Though dainties were for him prepared,
No joys of appetite of him blessed;
Fatigue for food and drink ne'er cared;
Then on his couch, yet dressed, sought rest,
And almost slumbered there,
When glode with saddened air,
Into the open door a guest.

Sees by the glimmer of his light,
Step into's room, with modest tread,
A maiden dressed and veiled in white,
And golden band around her head—

Surprised she halted, and
Upraised her snow-white hand,
As she beheld him on his bed.

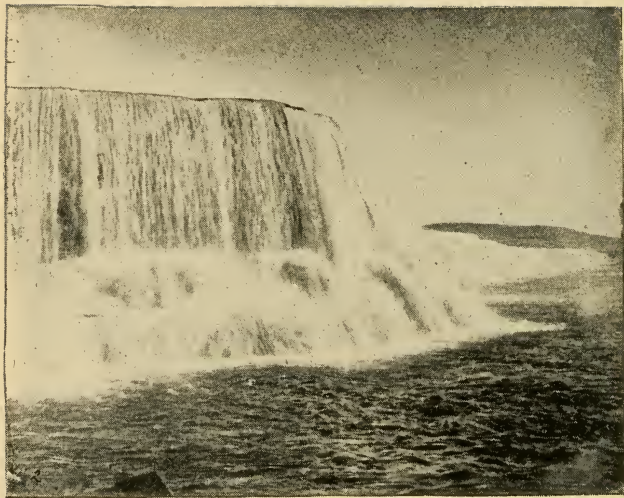
‘Am I,” she cries, “such stranger here,
And nothing told me of the guest?
O banished into convent drear!
And now with shame am I oppressed.
Sleep, stranger, calmly there,
Upon your couch so fair;
As came, I’ll go to my bequest.”

“Stay, goodly maiden, stay,” he cries,
Uprising quickly from his bed—
“Here Seres’, Bacchus’ gifts are prize,
And thou brings Amor here instead.
How thou art pale of fright!
Come let us see tonight
What joyous lives the gods have led.

“O youth, stay there, thy distance keep;
No claim enjoyment has for me;
The last step’s ta’en—I’m doomed to weep!
In mother’s sick-bed fancy, she
Swore convalescent oath,
That youth and nature both
Shall unto heaven subjected be.

“And then the old gods’ motley throngs
The silent house gave quickly o’er;
But one, unseen, in heaven belongs,
One Savior on the cross adore.
While sacrifice is here
Of neither lamb nor steer,
But human beings more and more.”

He asks, and every word well weighs,
As each one doth his spirit greet;
“Is it then in this quiet place
My own beloved bride I meet?



RAINBOW FALLS.

See Page 18.

Be mine, mine evermore;
The pledge our fathers swore
Doth heaven's bliss on us entreat."

"I never can, good soul, be thine;
My second sister's meant for thee.
When in my heritage I pine,
In her embrace, O think of me,
Who thinks of only you,
And pines with love so true,
But soon within her grave shall be."

"Nay! be it sworn by yonder flame,
It Hyman bodes for you and me,
To joys and me I'll thee reclaim;
Come to my father's house with me.
Stay, sweetheart, thine's the right
To celebrate tonight,
Our long-pledged wedding feast with me."

Then vows reciprocal were given;
A golden chain she gave him there,

And he would her a cup have given,
Artfully made and rare.

“No, this is not for me,
Yet I’ll request of thee,
To give of thine a lock of hair.”

When struck the hollow spirit hour,
She first seemed well, and with delight
The dark blood-colored wine would pour
And quaff, her eager lips pale-white.
Though wheaten bread was there,
And kindly offered her,
She tasted not thereof a mite.

In turn to him the cup she brought,
Who lustfully the proffer drank;
While earnestly her love he sought;
Ah! lovesick his poor heart but frank.
But still she would resist,
Howe’er he would persist,
Till weeping on the couch he sank.

She too herself threw on the couch;
 "Ah, sad to see you in such pain!
But oh! do thou my limbs but touch,
 You'll shrink from what my lips refrain;
 Although as white as snow,
 Yet cold as ice is, so
Your sweetheart is whom you would gain."

He clasped her madly in his arm,
Through-manned with all love's youthful strength
Then hope that I can get thee warm,
 Though thou wert from the grave me sent.
 Exchange we breath and kiss!
 Here love's abundance is!
Art cold and feelst my fire unspent?"

Still closer locked were they by love,
 Alternate mingling joys and tears;
She sips his eager flame of love,
Till each in other lives as feres:
 And he with strong desire,

Her cold blood sets on fire,
Yet for himself no heart-beat hears.

Meanwhile the mother glides along,
Some late work doing it appears;
Till at the door she listens long,
As wondrous sounds approach her ears;
Of bride and bridegroom moans,
Both sad and joyous tones,
And stam'ring of love's madness hears.

To certainty more fully prove,
She quietly stays near the door;
Carressing words, high vows of love,
Hears she in wrath, repeated o'er.
"But hark! the cock daylight
Proclaims; tomorrow night
Wilt come again?" And kiss the more.

No longer could the mother hold
Her anger; opes the door. "Are there

Such girls here in the house so bold,
Who minions to the stranger are?"
Then in the door did go,
Where, by the lamp's bright glow,
She sees—O God! her own child there.

Then quick the youth in first alarm,
With her own veil and lawn would hide,
And shield the maiden from all harm.
But wrested quickly from his side,
Up slowly rose the sprite,
Full long, with ghostly might,
Forth from the couch, and thus she cried:

"Oh mother! hollow words you say:
So grudge you me this night most fair;
From this warm couch drivst me away;
Must I awake but to despair?
And art thou not content,
Though to my grave I'm sent,
For you an early shroud to wear?"

“My innate judgment drives me e’er
Out from my dreary confines hither ;
Your priests’ dull chantings too can n’er,
And their prone blessings have weight either.
E’en salt and water cool
Not where love’s feelings rule;
And O! nor can earth cool love either.

“Erst was this youth my promised token,
When Venus’ temple graced our land;
Ah mother, you the pledge have broken,
While on a strange, false vow you stand!
But no God ever hears,
Howe’er a mother swears
To thus deny her daughter’s hand.

“I’m driven e’er from out my grave,
This treasure lost to reingage,
To love him whom I cannot save,
With his drained life-blood love assuage.
Is this of him then done,

Must I away be gone,
To sink down others 'neath my rage.

“Fair youth, no longer canst thou live;
Upon this place thou shriv’lest here;
I did my chain unto you give,
Your lock I’ll take with me from here.
Observe it closely! Aye,
Tomorrow thou’lt be gray,
But brown wilt thou again appear.

“Hear, mother, hear my final prayer;
Build me a pyre; raise it once more;
Ope up my wretched tomb of care;
Thus lovers’ rest in flames restore,
When bright the ashes glow,
When high the flames up go,
We’ll soar up to the gods of yore.”

THANKS.

I'm much obliged—or, thank you—thanks, for short,
By random tongues at random idly spoken,
As if to pay a tenfold price for trivial token,
Does riper age a child's politeness sport—
An impulse of the moment to resort
To formal etiquette in childhood learned,
Oft' lavished oft', on those in secret spurned
To mock the manners of a parrot court.
But there are thanks that tongue has never uttered,
Loud praise that ne'er an auditory cheers,
With which some quiet, grateful hearts o'erflow—
If, reader, you our booklet read, nor muttered
That in it nothing but mere trash appears,
Our thanks accept that unheard brighter glow.



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